

47
6
ROGER *and* JOAN;

OR THE

Country Wedding.

A

COMIC MASK:

As it is ACTED at the

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

With several New SONGS;

Set to Musick by Mr. LAMPE.



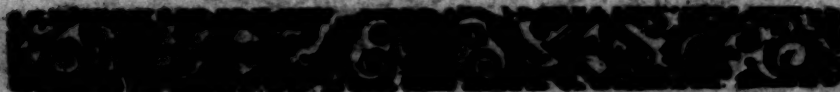
L O N D O N:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the Globe in *Pater-*
noster-Row, and Sold by the Booksellers of *Lon-*
don and Westminster. MDCCXXXIX.



Dramatis Personæ.

ROGER	Mr. Sakway.
ACIS	Mrs. Vincent.
FIRST COUNTRYMAN	Mr. Mullart.
SECOND COUNTRYMAN	Mr. Stoppelaar.
JOAN	Mrs. Lampe.
FIRST COUNTRYWOMAN	Mrs. James.
SECOND COUNTRYWOMAN	Mrs. Marshall.



HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

Printed for T. Cooper, at Moore's Globe in Pall-mall, and sold by J. Johnson, at the Strand, and J. Widdowson, at the Theatre-Royal, in 1794.



ROGER *and* JOAN;

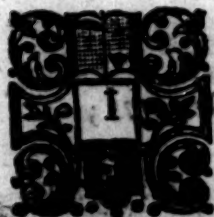
OR THE

Country Wedding.

SCENE *A Country Village.*

*Enter Roger, led by two Country Girls, and Joan,
led between two Country Youths.*

R O G E R.



Have her, I have her, I am a made
Mon,

I'll marry her now, and I'll fwinge
her anon,

We'll jigg it, and frisk it, and jigg it
anon.

Joan. Nay, now you're so hot, so hot and so
bluff,

I doubt, when you're wed, you'll be quiet enough.

A 2

A I R.

4 ROGER AND JOAN;
A I R.

*What Joy we discover,
In ev'ry gay Lover,
When first he can make her
To grant him the Favour;
When Hearts are uniting,
And young Love inviting,*

*How happy th' approaching Union seems!
But soon, alas! of the Bargain repenting,
Each of them curses the Hour of consenting;
When wrangling, and jangling,
And piteous lamenting
Awakes them out of their blissful Dreams;
Marriage, like Musick, with Pleasure alarming,
Feasts ev'ry Sense, and the Movement is charming;
But often repeated,
The Taste is quite sated,
The Musick grows dull, and the Instrument screams.*

Or the Country-Wedding.

5

Roger. Nay, nay, never fear me, old Girl! I'll
stand buff.

T'other Night had it not been for *Nan*,
I vow, I vow, I'd crack thy Milk-pan :
An thou doubt me then try me again and again,
I swear an thou like me, I'll marry thee then.

Joan. No, no, no, ne'er talk on't no more,
I've already too often been fobb'd off before.

Enter A C T S,

A R I A.

Acis. *Who will be made a Wife,*

I'm to be lett for Life;

Be she foolish, be she witty,

Out of Country, Court, or City;

Fair or homely, young or old, I am ready at her Call:

My Youth, and my Truth,

My Hand, and my Land,

My Hook, and my Crook, and my All.

Who will be, &c.

Joan.

Joan. Here's I, Sir.

1st Countrywoman. And I, Sir.

2d Countrywoman. And I.

Joan. Here's I, Sir.

1st Countrywoman. And I, Sir.

2d Countrywoman. And I.

A R I A.

Acis. Hold! hold! too fast you come on,

I wanted but one;

Yet to be yours, by Turns, I'll agree.

I'll do what I can,

Tho' I doubt if a Man

Can deal at once with three,

I cannot decide,

Which of you to take;

Then have at the Bride,

I'm sure that's most like a Rake.

[Goes to lay hold of Joan.

Joan. Adzours! now I'm resolv'd with my
Booby to part.

(to Roger.) Stand off, Clown, I've gotten a finer
Sweet-heart.

A R I A.

*Since now he nibbles at my Bait,
Until he bites! I'll patient wait,
In certain Hopes to catch him;
Fix'd on my Hook I'll give him Line,
To flounce and dart, and whirl and twine,
An Angler like I'll watch him;
Whilst he has Pow'r to break the Snare,
I'll humour him just to a Hair,
As he himself can ask it;
But when he faints, and strives no more,
I'll gently draw the Fish a Shore,
And whip him in my Basket.*

*Roger. (to Acis,) Hands off, Friend! I'd advise
thee,
Before 'tis too late; the Woman is mine.*

Acis. Thine?

Roger. Ay, mine, Oons! dee prate?

*Joan. For Shame, Roger, be civil to the
Gentlemon.*

*Acis. Oh! let him alone, he and I shall talk
anon.*

Roger. Anon? Wounds! talk now an you
mind to be doing,

'Sblead I'll spoil his Wooing.

[Offers to pull his Coat off.]

Here, John, lends thy Hond.

1st Countryman. Nay, Roger! have Patience.

Roger. Patience. a T---d!

2^d Countryman. Nay, Roger! have Patience.

Roger. Patience, a T---d!

'Sblead let me come at 'en

I'll 'noint the Whore's Bird.

1st Countryman. Nay, Roger.

Roger. Have at 'en.

2^d Countryman. Nay, pray now.

Roger. Fair Play.

1st. Clown. Nay prithee, don't fight.

Roger. I'll part with my Blood,

'Ere I'll part with my Right.

CHORUS.

He'll part with his Blood,

'Ere he'll part with his Right.

Roger. Yet now I think on't, I wot what I wot,
I know who first had what I shou'd have got,
I know who first had the Cream of her Pot.

Joan. O how he lies:

'Sblead let me come at 'en I'll scrat out his Eyes!

Thou silly, silly Elf!

How

Of the Country-Wedding.

69

*How shouldst thou know,
When I don't know myself?*

A R I A.

But when Maids the Men deny,

With their Wishes to comply;

Then the Sots, from pure Vexation,

Strait attack our Reputation.

Prittle Prattle,

Tittle Tattle;

She's a Gadder,

Will has had her:

Tom had Mary,

Dick had Sary,

In the Hayrick, Barn, or Dairy,

When alas! the thorny Elves

Wound not us, but sting themselves.

A R I A

B

Roger.

10 ROGER and JOAN : 10

Roger. Come, Joan! don't break my Heart,
I shall run mad, I shall hang,
I shall drown an we part.

[Pulls a Knife out of his Pocket.
See this same Knife,
I'll stick it in thus.

[Offers to stab himself, Joan holds his Hand.

Joan. Oh! hold.

Roger. I'll stick it in thus

[Puts it into the Sheath.

If thou'lt be my Wife.

See! how I shed Tears

As big as young Turnips, or Burgundy Pears.

Joan. Oh! hold, my Dear,

I cannot forbear;

Thou hast wounded my Heart,

And we never, no never must part.

A R I A.

Lovers, like Children, oft fall out,

Altho' they know not what about;

For soon his Pride and Rage subside,

And down her Cheeks Tears streaming glide.

Like Children then, their Anger ends,

Both look like Fools, then buss and Friends.

A R I A.

Or the Country-Wedding. **II**

A R I A.

ACIS. *I'll rove, and I'll range,
I'll love, and I'll change,
Ev'ry Hour and ev'ry Place,
Ev'ry Fair and ev'ry Face :
I vow and protest,
I'll swear and deceive,
All who like me are so made to believe.*

Roger. *Now let's have a Dance.*

[After the Dance.]

Roger. *Come Crowders, come play,
Come Lads lead the Way ;
Let the Tune as we go be Joy and good Chear,
Mehap soon enough may come Sorrow and Care.*

C H O R U S *repeated.*

*Come Crowders, come play,
Come Lads lead the Way,
 &c. &c.*

F I N I S.